

MARVEL  
TEAM UP

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

3 JULY 20¢  
02147

MARVEL TEAM-UP™

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
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AUTHORITY

FEATURING



# SPIDER-MAN™

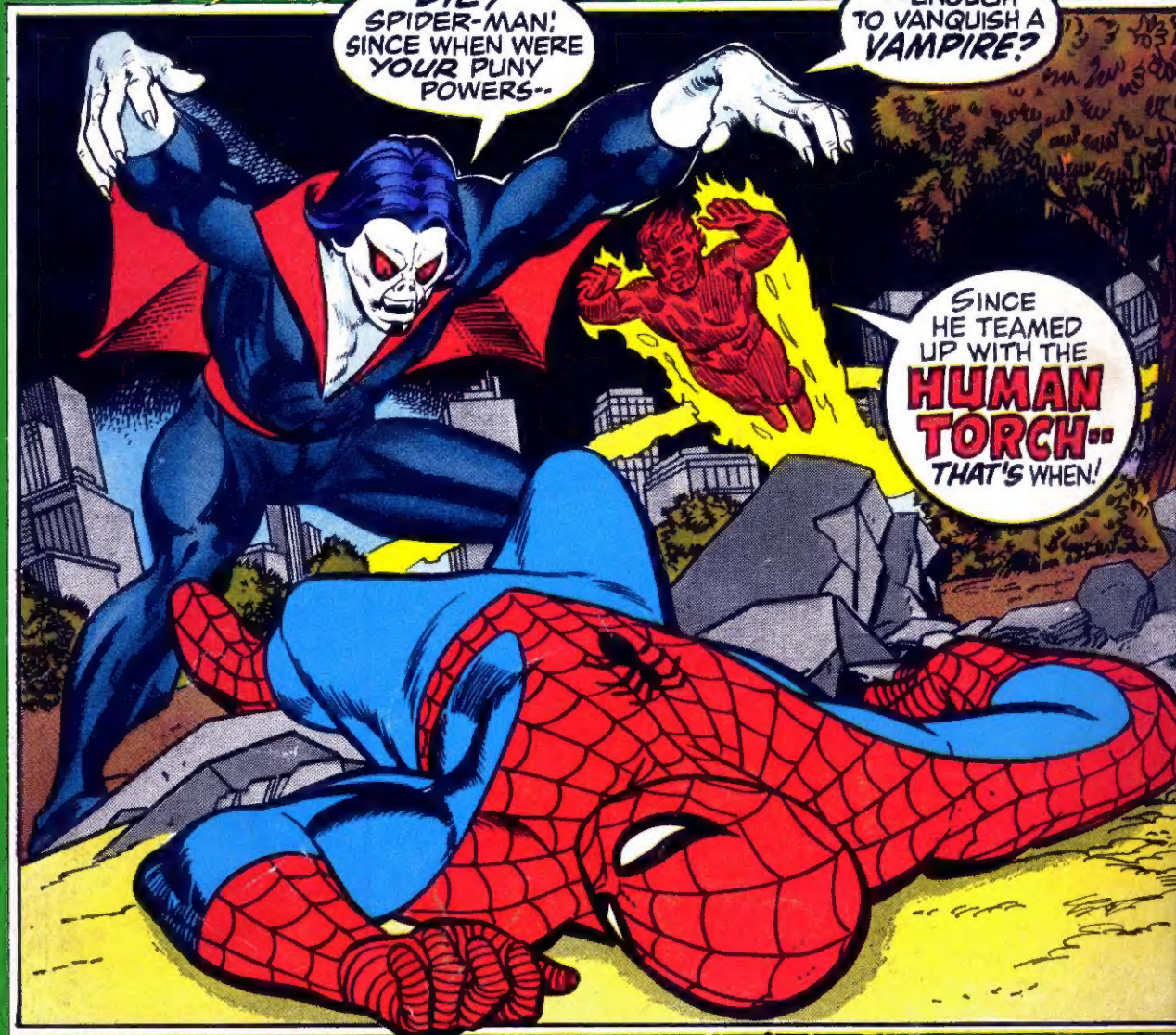
AND THE

# HUMAN TORCH™

DIE,  
SPIDER-MAN!  
SINCE WHEN WERE  
YOUR PUNY  
POWERS--

--ENOUGH  
TO VANQUISH A  
VAMPIRE?

SINCE  
HE TEAMED  
UP WITH THE  
**HUMAN  
TORCH**--  
THAT'S WHEN!



# ONCE MORE--MORBIUS!



# SPIDEY AND THE TORCH--TOGETHER!™

A FEW WEEKS AGO: AGAINST THE BACKGROUND RUMBLINGS OF THE NEARBY HARLEM RIVER DRIVE, THE SOFT MURMUR OF WATER LAPPING AGAINST STONE ABUTMENTS GOES ALMOST UNNOTICED BY TWO ARGUING FIGURES--AND YET, IT IS THIS SOUND, WITH ALL ITS ATTENDANT FOREBODING, WHICH SHOULD GAIN THEIR DIVIDED ATTENTION--!

FOR IT IS THERE, IN THE MOON-TOUCHED WAVES SLIPPING SLOWLY PAST THEM, THAT THEIR FUTURE NIGHTMARES LIE IN WAIT--

--NIGHTMARES GIVEN GRIM PROPHECY BY THE UNCONSCIOUS MOVEMENT OF A LIMP, NO-LONGER-STRUGGLING HAND!

BLAST IT ALL, JAKE-- WHEN ARE YOU GONNA LEARN?

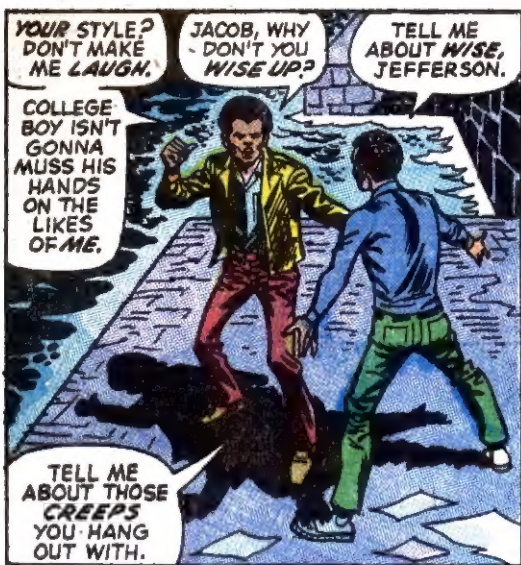
YOU GONNA SHINE MR. WHITE MAN'S SHOES ALL YOUR LIFE?

TAKE IT EASY, JEFFERSON. YOU'RE OUT OF LINE.

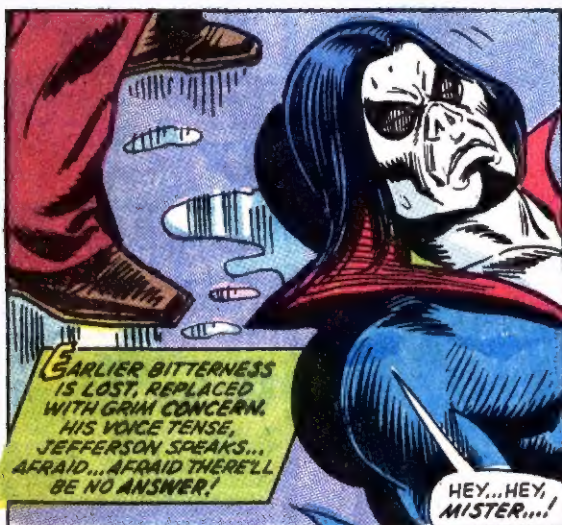
DON'T MAKE ME PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE, LITTLE BROTHER.

THAT'S NOT MY STYLE!











# THE POWER TO PURGE!

TONIGHT: PALE LIGHT FROM A NEW FULL MOON--THE COLD RUSH OF BITTER WIND PAST HIDDEN FEATURES--THE DISTANT WAIL OF TRAFFIC HUNDREDS OF YARDS BELOW--!

**S**UDDENLY, IT ALL SEEMS TO SHATTER--BROKEN BY AN ABRUPT SHUDDER WHICH SWEEPS THROUGH A CERTAIN SWINGING FORM--

**B**EHIND POLARIZED LENSES, BROWN EYES WIDEN--SMOOTH MUSCLES JUMP ALONG STRAINING ARMS AND LEGS--FRANTIC FINGERS TWITCH ON A SPECIAL PALM-SIZED TRIGGER--

GOOD LORD,  
**I'M FALLING!**

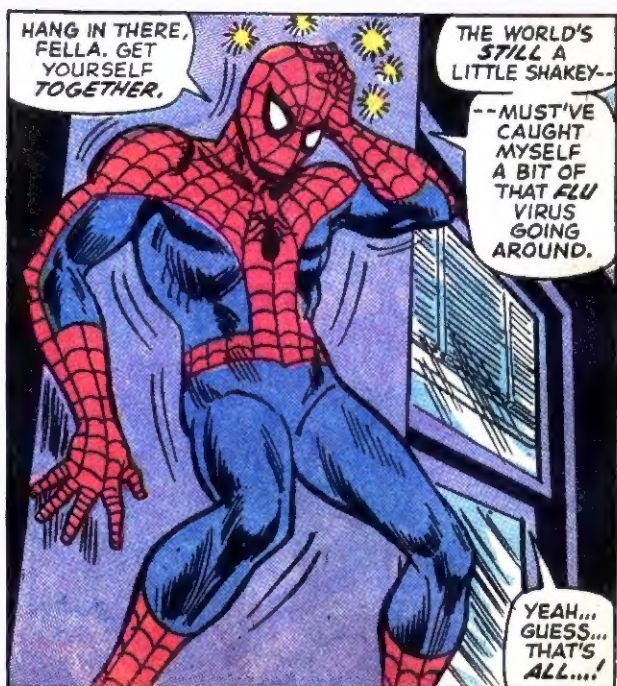
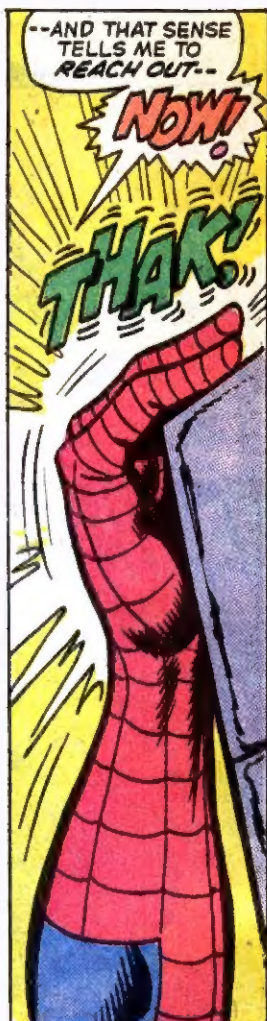
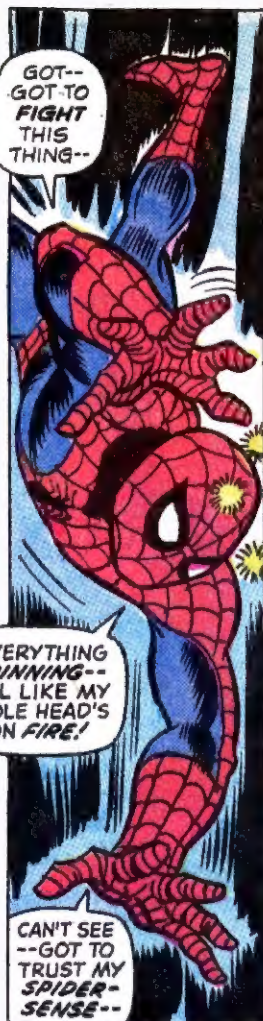
--TWITCH--AND  
**FAIL TO CLOSE!**

\*\*\*\*  
STAN LEE  
PRESENTS

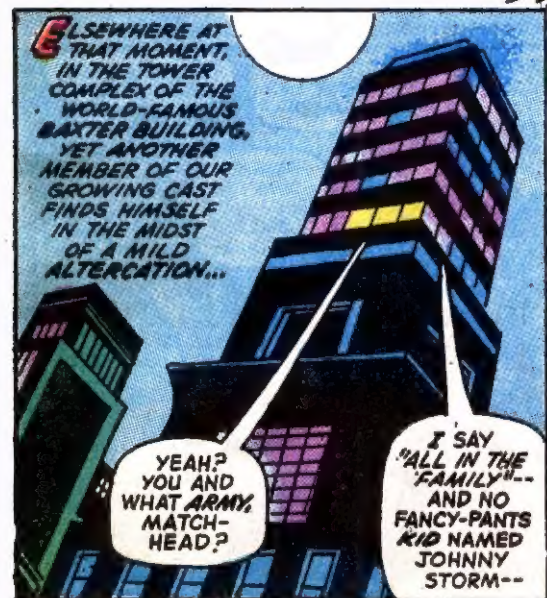
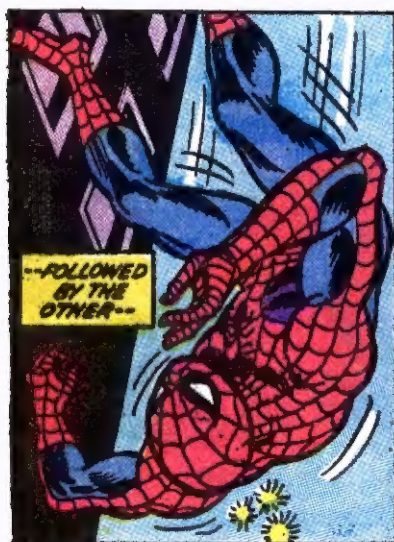
GERRY & ROSS  
CONWAY ANDRU  
SCRIPTER ARTIST

FRANK GIACOIA  
INKER  
ARTIE SIMEK  
LETTERER

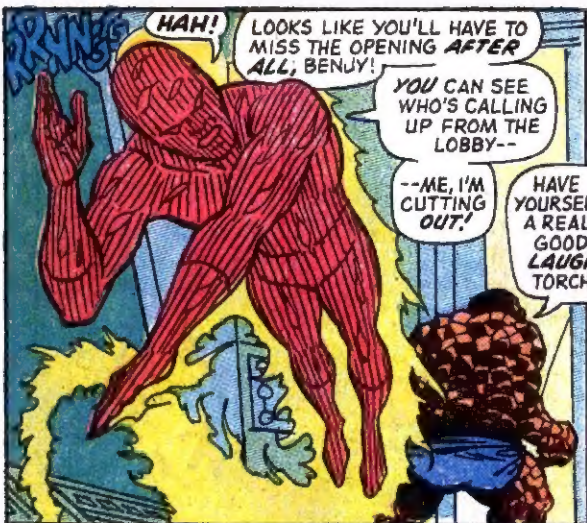












HAH!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO MISS THE OPENING AFTER ALL, BENJY!

YOU CAN SEE WHO'S CALLING UP FROM THE LOBBY--

--ME, I'M CUTTING OUT!

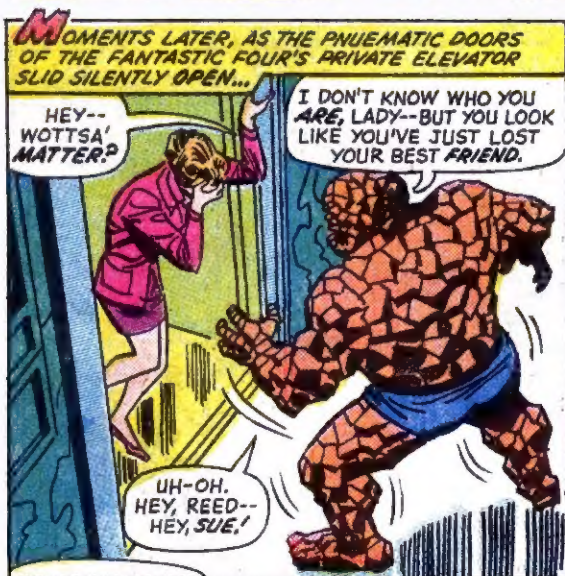
HAVE YOURSELF A REAL GOOD LAUGH, TORCH.



IF THAT KID WASN'T SUE'S BLASTED BROTHER, SOMETIMES I'D LIKE TA--

HEY, HEY!

BENJAMIN, GRIMM, THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY!



HEY-- WOTTA SA' MATTER?

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, LADY-- BUT YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE JUST LOST YOUR BEST FRIEND.

UH-OH. HEY, REED-- HEY, SUE!



BENJAMIN GRIMM. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF.

CAN'T YOU SEE THE POOR WOMAN'S UPSET? HONESTLY, YOU MEN--!

BUT, HONEY--

AH, WHAT'S THE USE, REED?

WE MIGHT AS WELL WAIT OUTSIDE.



THE MINUTES PASS SLOWLY, AND WITH EACH, THERE COMES A NEW QUESTION, UNTIL FINALLY...

--YOU THINK YA RECOGNIZE HER?

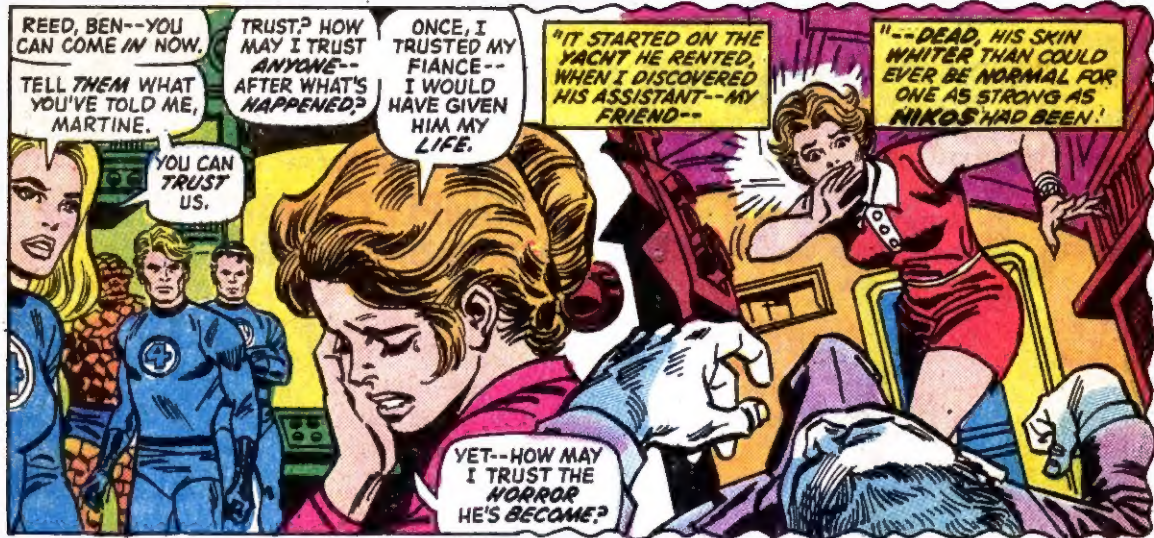
BLAST IT, THEN WHY DON'T YA TELL ME WHO--?

TELL YOU WHAT, BLUE EYES?

WHAT'S GOING ON, REED-- HAVE I MISSED SOMETHING?

WE'LL KNOW IN A MOMENT, JOHNNY.





REED, BEN--YOU CAN COME IN NOW.

TELL THEM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, MARTINE.

YOU CAN TRUST US.

TRUST? HOW MAY I TRUST ANYONE-- AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED?

ONCE, I TRUSTED MY FIANCE-- I WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM MY LIFE.

"IT STARTED ON THE YACHT HE RENTED, WHEN I DISCOVERED HIS ASSISTANT--MY FRIEND--

"--DEAD, HIS SKIN WHITER THAN COULD EVER BE NORMAL FOR ONE AS STRONG AS NIKOS HAD BEEN."

YET--HOW MAY I TRUST THE HORROR HE'S BECOME?



"SEARCHING HIS CABIN, DISCOVERING MY BELOVED MICHAEL GONE-- I FOUND CERTAIN NOTES--

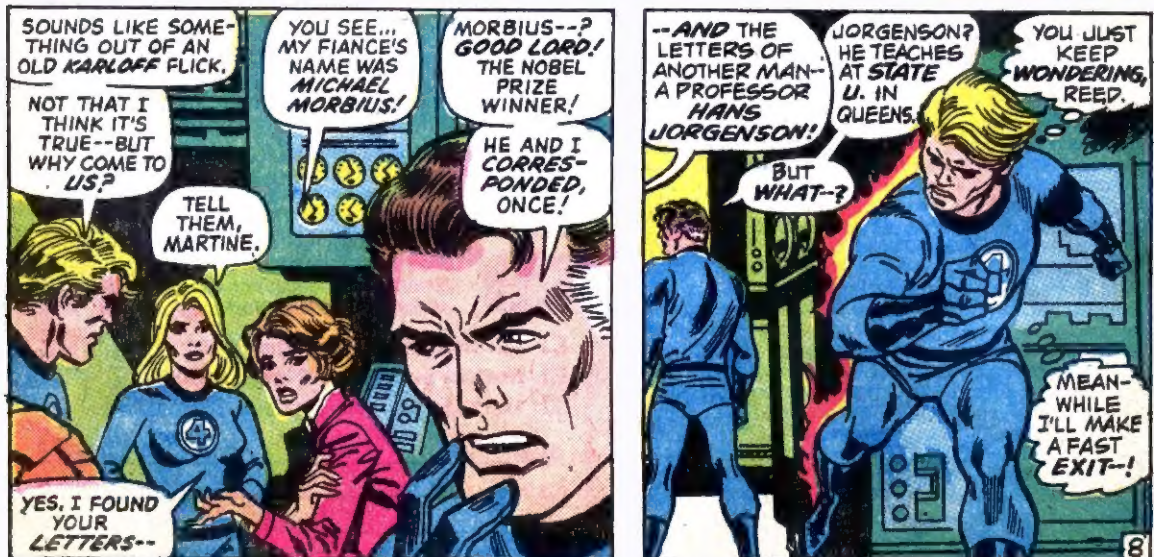
"NOTES WHICH EXPLAINED THE REASON FOR OUR SUDDEN CRUISE--

"...BUT WHOSE UNFORESEEN SIDE-EFFECTS MIGHT MAKE OF HIM...

"IN A DESPERATE GAMBLE, HE'D DEVELOPED AN ENZYME WHICH WOULD STRENGTHEN HIS BLOOD COUNT..."

"MICHAEL WAS DYING, VICTIM OF SOME INCURABLE BLOOD DISEASE..."

"...A VAMPIRE!"



SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF AN OLD KARLOFF FLICK.

NOT THAT I THINK IT'S TRUE--BUT WHY COME TO US?

TELL THEM, MARTINE.

YOU SEE... MY FIANCE'S NAME WAS MICHAEL MORBIUS!

MORBIUS--? GOOD LORD! THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNER!

HE AND I CORRESPONDED, ONCE!

--AND THE LETTERS OF ANOTHER MAN-- A PROFESSOR HANS JORGENSEN!

JORGENSEN? HE TEACHES AT STATE U. IN QUEENS.

YOU JUST KEEP WONDERING, REED.

BUT WHAT?

YES, I FOUND YOUR LETTERS--

MEANWHILE I'LL MAKE A FAST EXIT--!



**B**ODY ARCING, CUTTING INTO THE TWILIGHT WIND LIKE A FLAMING ARROW, THE HUMAN TORCH STREAKS SKYWARD--

--AND THERE, HE MEETS THE GRIM SPECTRE OF HIS THOUGHTS!

ALMOST DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT CHICK-- UNTIL I REMEMBERED--

SOMETHING SPIDER-MAN TOLD ME THE LAST TIME WE MET--

--ABOUT HOW HE BATTLED SOME CLOWN CALLED MORBIUS--

--AND HOW AN ENZYME FROM MORBIUS' BLOOD MANAGED TO REMOVE A COUPLE'A EXTRA SETS OF ARMS OLD SPIDEY'D PICKED UP\*--!

\*SHOWN SOMEWHAT MORE FULLY IN SPIDER-MAN #101 & 102. --STAN.

NOW, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS BY ONE HECK OF A PROVERBIAL LONG SHOT--

--SPIDEY'S MORBIUS, AND THIS NOBEL-PRIZE-WINNER GUY ARE ONE AND THE SAME.

IN WHICH CASE, OLD JOHNNY'S HEADING TOWARDS QUEENS--

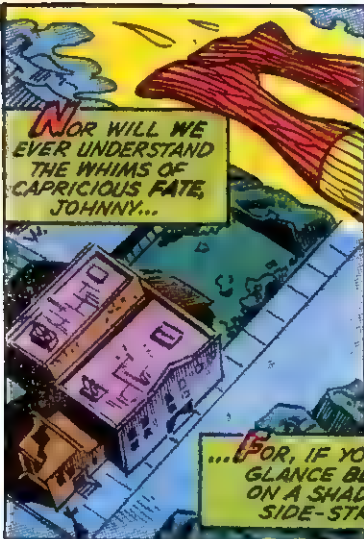
--'CAUSE, IF I'VE GOT ANY LUCK AT ALL--

--I'LL FIND THAT OLD WEB-SLINGER ON THE SAME COLLEGE CAMPUS AS THAT JORGENSEN GUY.

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE IT'S TIME SPIDEY AND I TEAMED UP AGAIN.

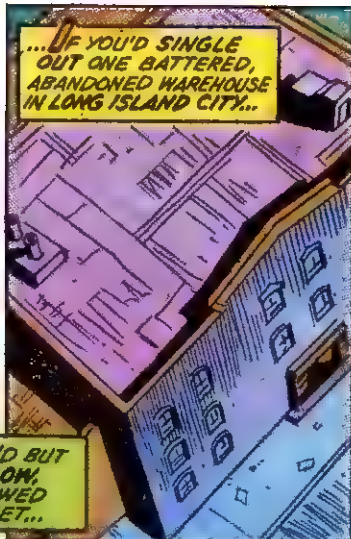
--THOUGH WHY I EVEN BOTHER WITH THAT EGOTISTICAL COSTUMED WALL-CRAWLER I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!



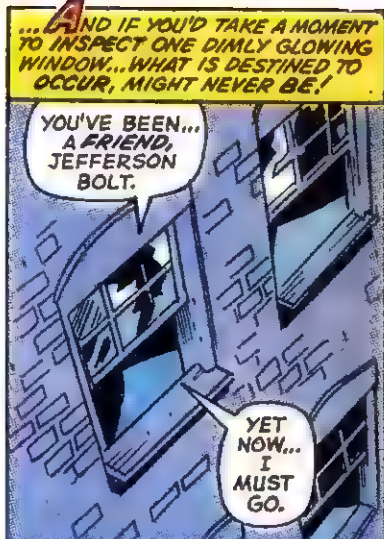


NOR WILL WE EVER UNDERSTAND THE WHIMS OF CAPRICIOUS FATE, JOHNNY...

...FOR, IF YOU'D BUT GLANCE BELOW, ON A SHADOWED SIDE-STREET...



...IF YOU'D SINGLE OUT ONE BATTERED, ABANDONED WAREHOUSE IN LONG ISLAND CITY...



...AND IF YOU'D TAKE A MOMENT TO INSPECT ONE DIMLY GLOWING WINDOW...WHAT IS DESTINED TO OCCUR, MIGHT NEVER BE!

YOU'VE BEEN... A FRIEND, JEFFERSON BOLT.

YET NOW... I MUST GO.



THESE PAST WEEKS, BUILDING MY STRENGTH, LETTING MY BODY REDEVELOP THAT LOST ENZYME...

...THEY HAVE BEEN LONG WEEKS...YET THANKS TO YOU, NOT LONELY ONES.

AND YOU'VE DONE MUCH FOR ME, MORBIUS...



...YOU'VE LET ME SEE...THE WAY THINGS TRULY ARE.

LIFE OVER DEATH... ABOVE ALL ELSE, LIFE MUST SURVIVE!

IS THAT WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED?

YES...I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES.

YOU'VE BECOME... WHAT I'VE BECOME...



...A VAMPIRE!

OH, LORD IN HEAVEN--WHAT HAVE I DONE?

WAS MY SIN NOT GREAT ENOUGH, TO SEAL MYSELF WITHIN THIS DAMNABLE COIL--?

BUT MORBIUS-- YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I LIKE IT THIS WAY.

I KNOW, JEFFERSON BOLT--



--IT IS THAT WHICH MAKES ME FEAR!

BUT NOW--I MUST LEAVE. THERE'S A MAN-- A MAN I MUST SEEK OUT!

PERHAPS WE MAY YET SAVE OUR PITIABLE LIVES--

--THOUGH I DREAD-- ONLY GOD MAY HELP US NOW!

THEN GO...AND IN A MOMENT, I'LL FOLLOW...



...FOR WE'VE  
**BOTH** WORK  
AT THE CAMPUS  
TONIGHT,  
MICHAEL  
MORBIUS.

LIKE, YOU'D  
BETTER  
BELIEVE IT!

AND WHAT OF OUR LONG-  
SUFFERING WALL-CRAWLER?

AT THAT  
MOMENT,  
ON A SITE  
IN THE  
SECTION OF  
QUEENS  
KNOWN AS  
BAYSIDE...

WHAT A GUY  
WOON'T DO FOR  
AN EDUCATION...!

STILL FEEL  
LIKE  
SOMEBODY'S  
USING MY  
HEAD FOR  
A GOLF TEE...  
BUT AT  
LEAST THAT  
FALL DIDN'T  
BREAK ANY  
BONES!

BARELY  
MANAGED  
TO GET  
HERE...  
NOW, I'M  
NOT SO  
SURE IT  
WAS A  
GOOD  
IDEA TO  
COME!

WHAT'S  
WRONG  
WITH  
ME?

WHY DO I  
FEEL THIS  
WAY...?

WELL, MAYBE MY  
**BIO** TEACHER--**PROF.**  
**JORGENSEN**-- CAN  
CLEAR THINGS UP...

...BUT...HOW  
DO I ASK HIM,  
WITHOUT  
LETTING ON I'M  
**SPIDER-MAN**?

PARKER, WHY  
COULDN'T YOU  
HAVE BECOME  
SOMETHING  
**SIMPLE**...  
SOMETHING  
**SAFE**...

...YEAH, LIKE A  
**GREEN BERET**!

PETEY,  
M'BOY...  
YOU'RE IN  
RARE FORM  
TONIGHT!

UH-UHH. NO  
DOUBT ABOUT  
IT. I'M ONE  
**SICK**  
SUPER-HERO.

GOT NO  
**CHOICE**...  
I'LL HAVE  
TO TALK  
TO THE  
PROF AFTER  
CLASS...!





THAT IS...IF I MAKE IT TILL AFTER CLASS!

I'VE BEEN SICK BEFORE--BUT NEVER--NEVER LIKE THIS.

FEELS LIKE THE BOTTOM'S DROPPING OUT OF MY GUT-- THESE CHILLS--FEVER--!

STEELING HIMSELF, DRAWING HIS SHOULDERS STRAIGHT UNDER HIS FRAID WINDBREAKER, PETER PARKER STEPS INTO THE GLOW OF A NEARBY ARC LAMP...



...AND GLANCING SKYWARD AT A SUDDEN, FAMILIAR SOUND, LETS OUT A WEARY GROAN...

TERRIFIC.



I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD STORM I TAKE CLASSES HERE.

IT FIGURES HE'D SHOW UP-- PROBABLY WANTS TO TELL ME ABOUT SOME STUPID BATTLE HE'S WON.

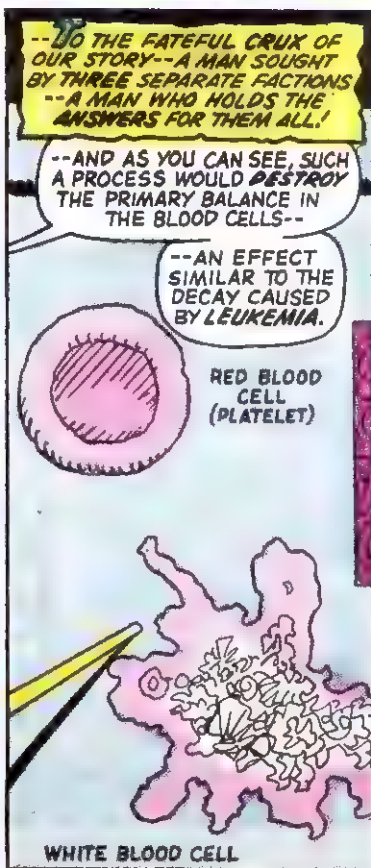
OKAY, SPIDEY-- LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON AGAIN.

--IF YOU CAN MAKE IT!



THROUGHOUT HISTORY, MEN HAVE WONDERED AT THOSE SOMETIMES-CRUCIAL COINCIDENCES--THOSE TWISTS OF DESTINY WHICH BRING MEN TOGETHER AGAINST ALL REASON--!

SUCH A COINCIDENCE BRINGS US HERE, TO A MAN CALLED HANS JORGENSEN--



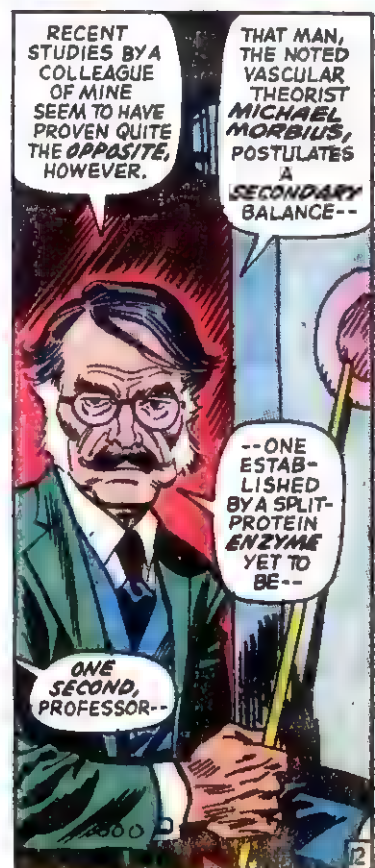
--TO THE FATEFUL CRUX OF OUR STORY--A MAN SOUGHT BY THREE SEPARATE FACTIONS --A MAN WHO HOLDS THE ANSWERS FOR THEM ALL!

--AND AS YOU CAN SEE, SUCH A PROCESS WOULD DESTROY THE PRIMARY BALANCE IN THE BLOOD CELLS--

--AN EFFECT SIMILAR TO THE DECAY CAUSED BY LEUKEMIA.

RED BLOOD CELL (PLATELET)

WHITE BLOOD CELL



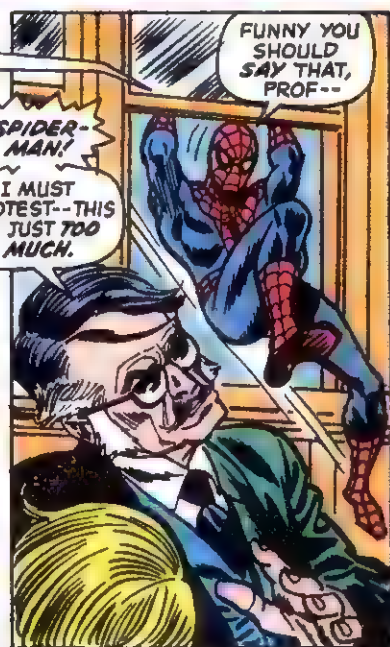
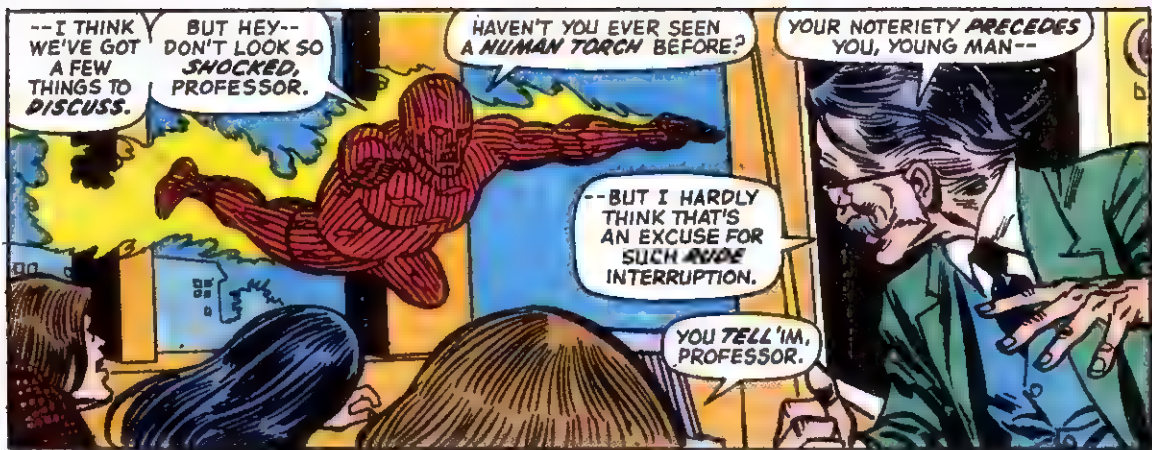
RECENT STUDIES BY A COLLEAGUE OF MINE SEEM TO HAVE PROVEN QUITE THE OPPOSITE, HOWEVER.

THAT MAN, THE NOTED VASCULAR THEORIST MICHAEL MORBIUS, POSTULATES A SECONDARY BALANCE--

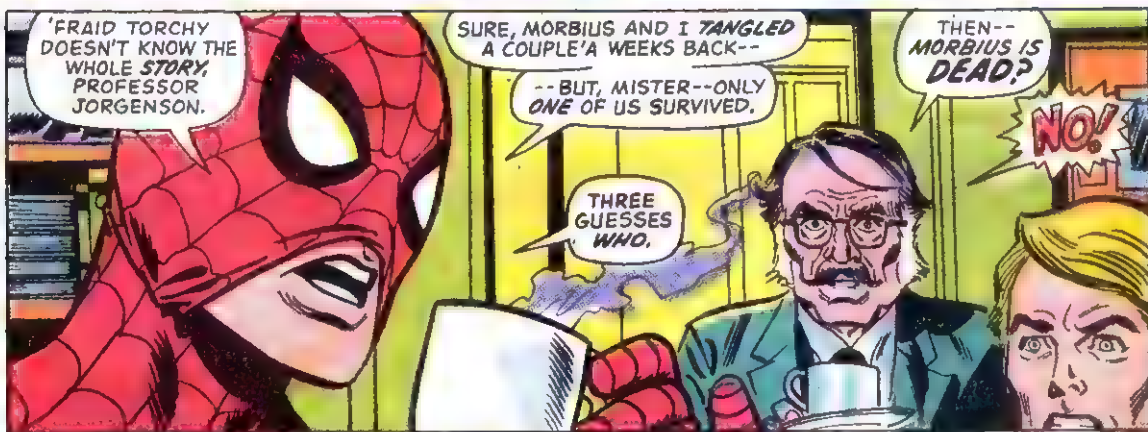
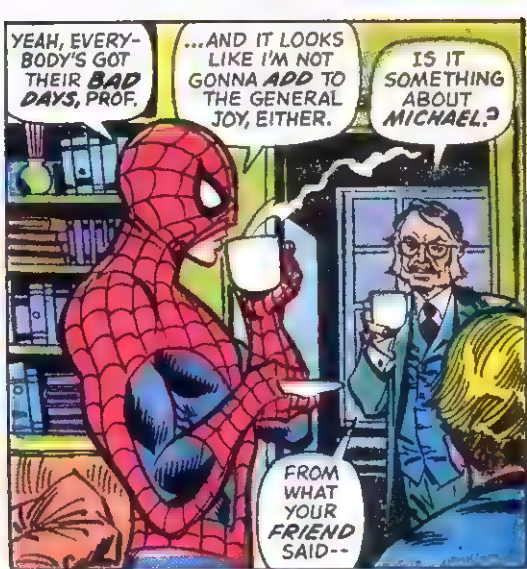
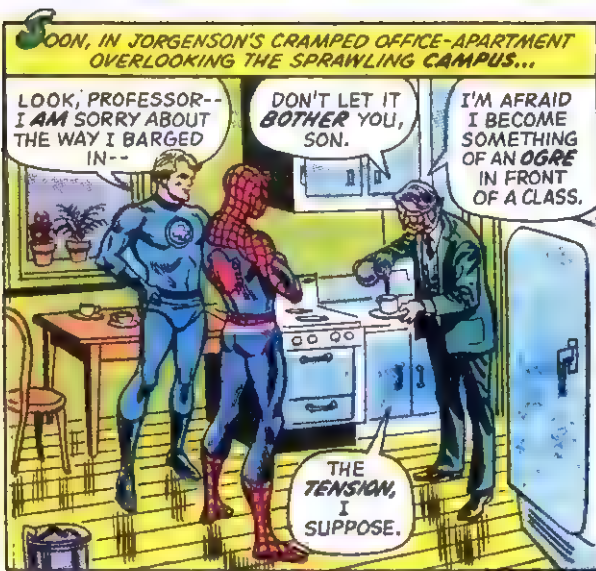
--ONE ESTABLISHED BY A SPLIT-PROTEIN ENZYME YET TO BE--

ONE SECOND, PROFESSOR--







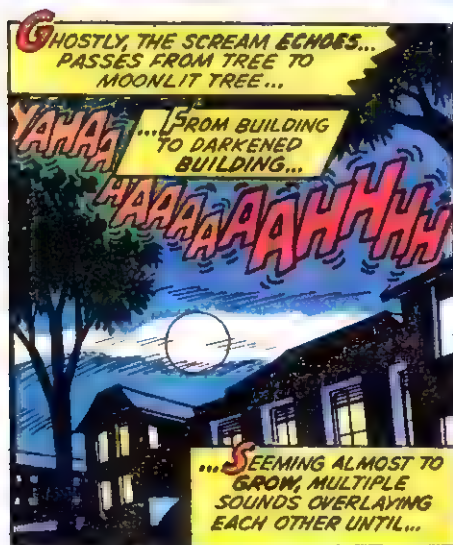






...AND AS A SONG, IT'S  
A VERY POOR SONG...

...FOR A FUNERAL DIRGE!



GHOSTLY, THE SCREAM ECHOES...  
PASSES FROM TREE TO  
MOONLIT TREE...

...FROM BUILDING  
TO DARKENED  
BUILDING...

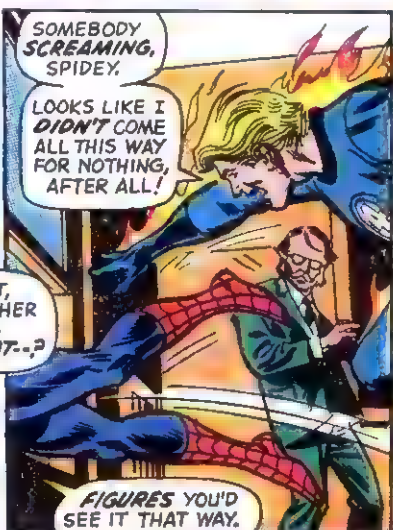
...SEEMING ALMOST TO  
GROW, MULTIPLE  
SOUNDS OVERLAYING  
EACH OTHER UNTIL...



TORCH--  
MAYBE  
I'M  
HEARING  
THINGS--

--IN WHICH  
CASE, I'M  
SICKER  
THAN I  
THOUGHT--

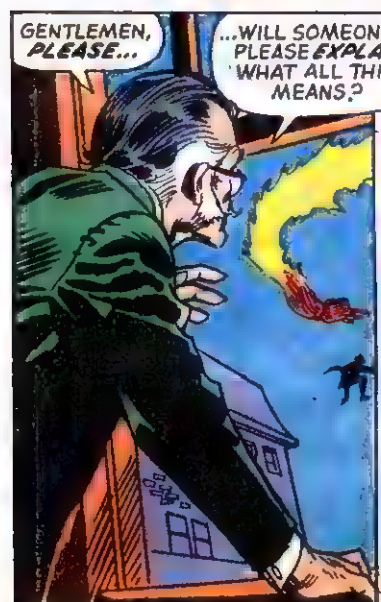
BUT,  
BROTHER  
--IS  
THAT--?



SOMEBODY  
SCREAMING,  
SPIDEY.

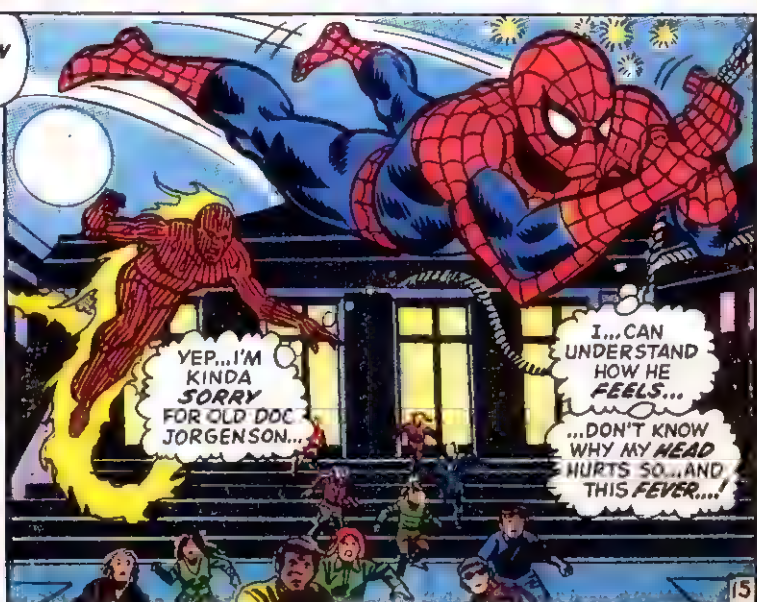
LOOKS LIKE I  
DIDN'T COME  
ALL THIS WAY  
FOR NOTHING,  
AFTER ALL!

FIGURES YOU'D  
SEE IT THAT WAY.



GENTLEMEN,  
PLEASE...

...WILL SOMEONE  
PLEASE EXPLAIN  
WHAT ALL THIS  
MEANS?

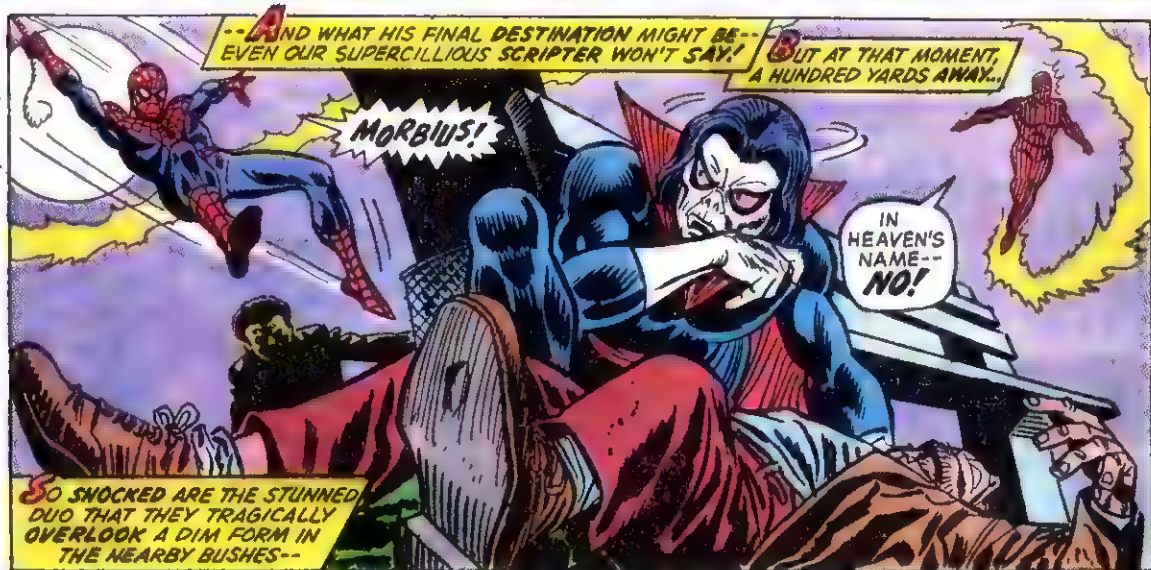


YEP... I'M  
KINDA  
SORRY  
FOR OLD DOC  
JORGENSEN...

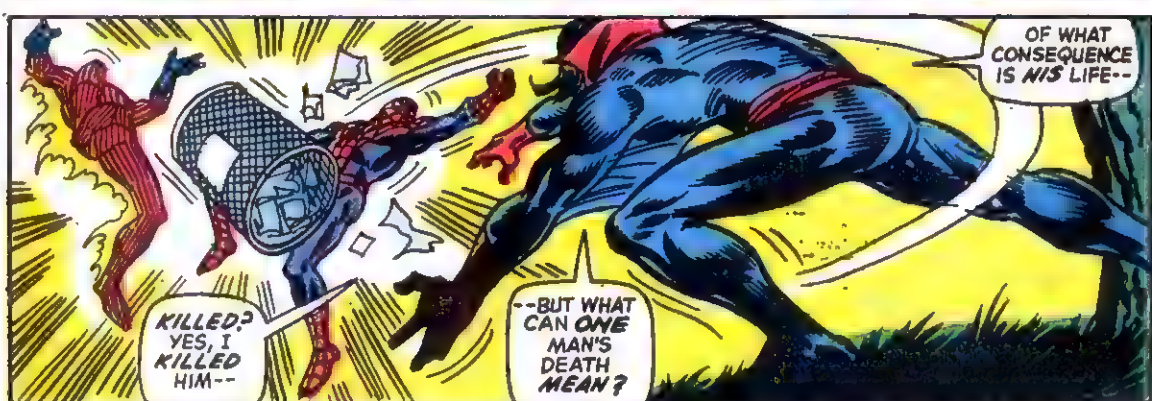
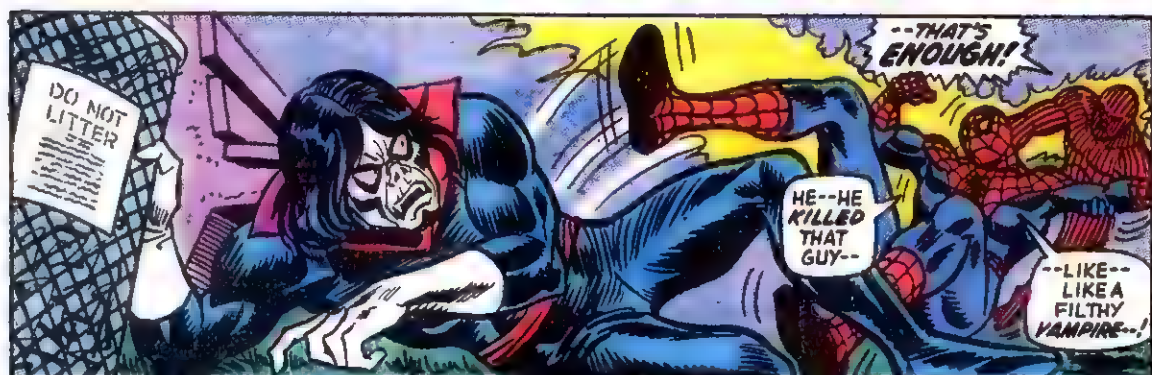
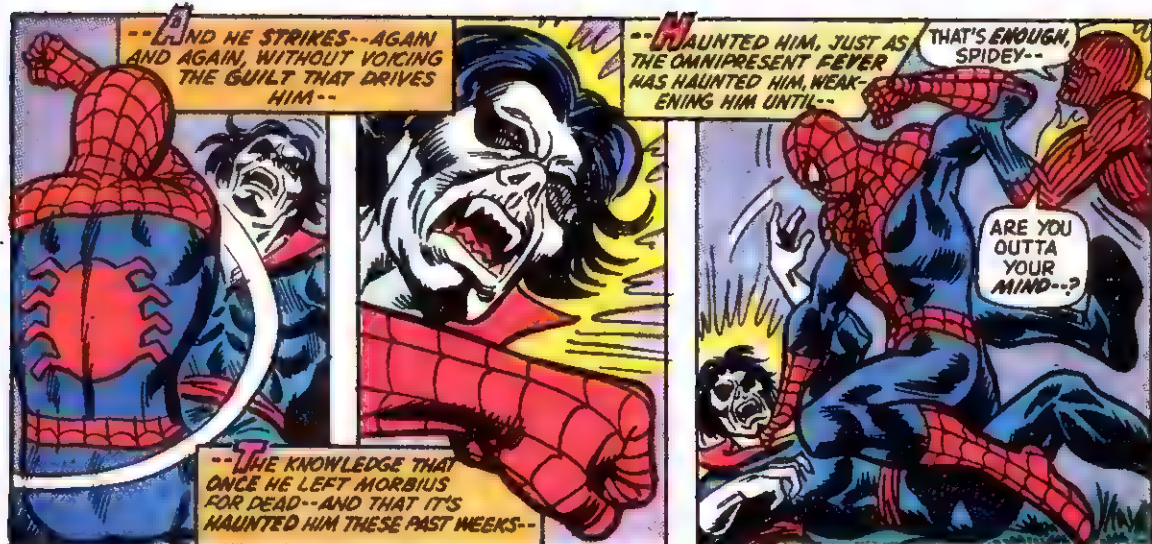
I... CAN  
UNDERSTAND  
HOW HE  
FEELS...

...DON'T KNOW  
WHY MY HEAD  
HURTS SO... AND  
THIS FEVER...

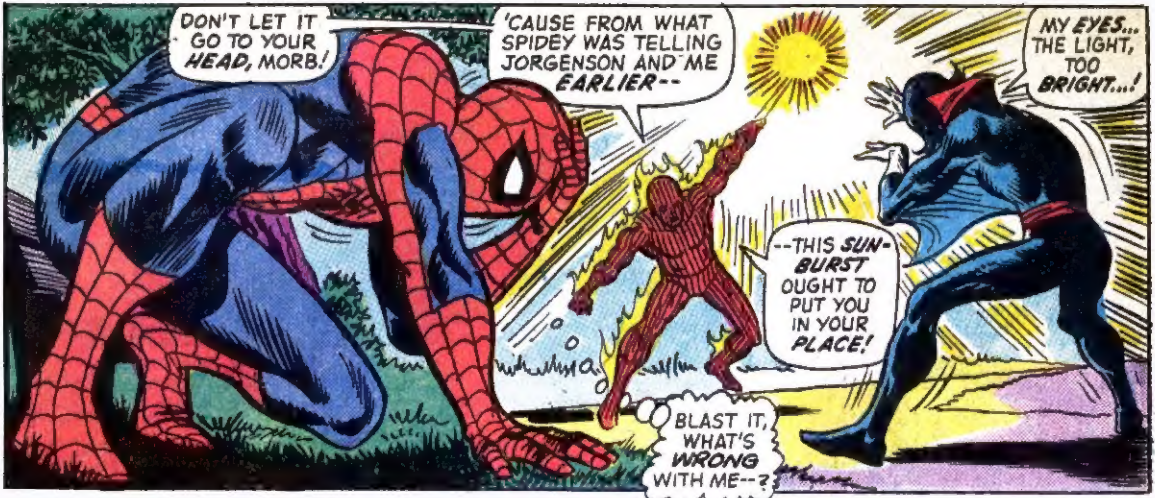












DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD, MORB!

'CAUSE FROM WHAT SPIDEY WAS TELLING JORGENSEN AND ME EARLIER--

MY EYES... THE LIGHT, TOO BRIGHT...!

--THIS SUN-BURST OUGHT TO PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE!

BLAST IT, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME--?



ALMOST...TRIED TO KILL MORBIUS BACK THERE...!

IT'S THIS FEVER. IT'S...TOO MUCH TO HANDLE...

GOTTA CALL THIS GAME SHORT...

...FIND OUT... WHY MORBIUS IS STILL ALIVE!

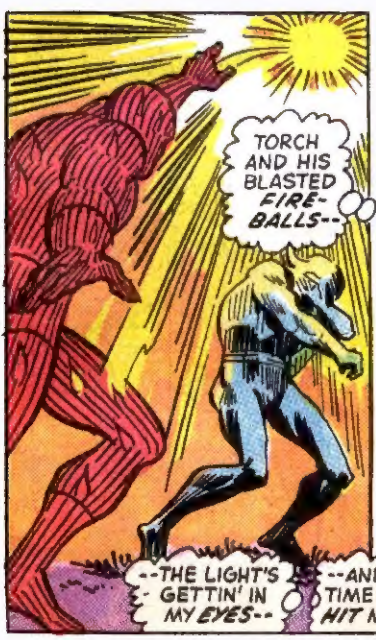
FTIK



'UNNNH-- NO GOOD--

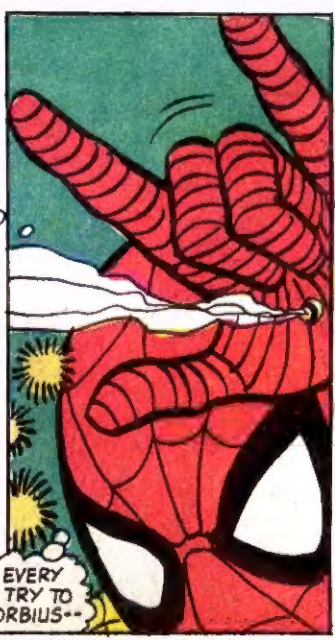
I'M GETTING TOO WEAK-- TO DIRECT MY WEBBING!

WHOLE BODY SHAKING... HOT...COLD...!



TORCH AND HIS BLASTED FIRE-BALLS--

--THE LIGHT'S GETTIN' IN MY EYES--



--AND EVERY TIME I TRY TO HIT MORBIUS--

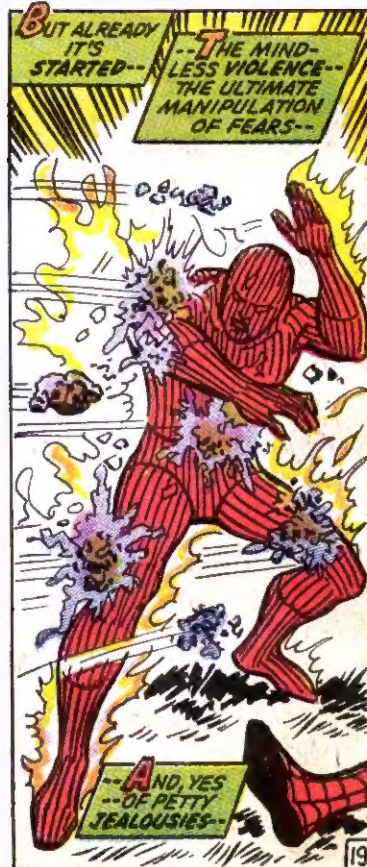
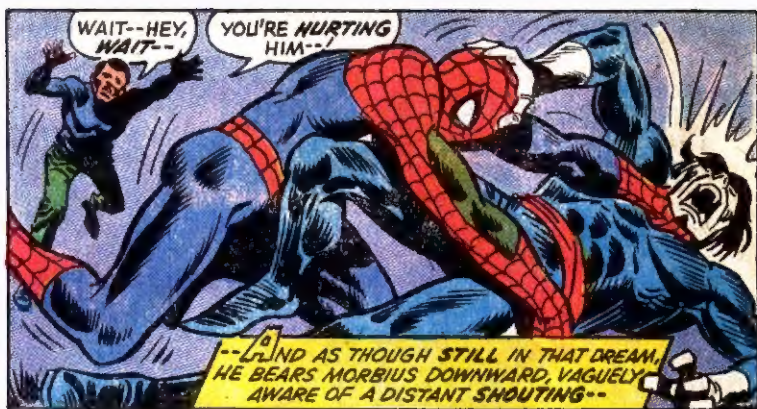


--THE WHOLE--THING-- SEEMS TO COME APART ON ME--

--WHAT'S HAPPENING-- TO MY HEAD--? GETTIN' BLURRED--

I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING FAST-- 'FORE HE GETS AWAY--









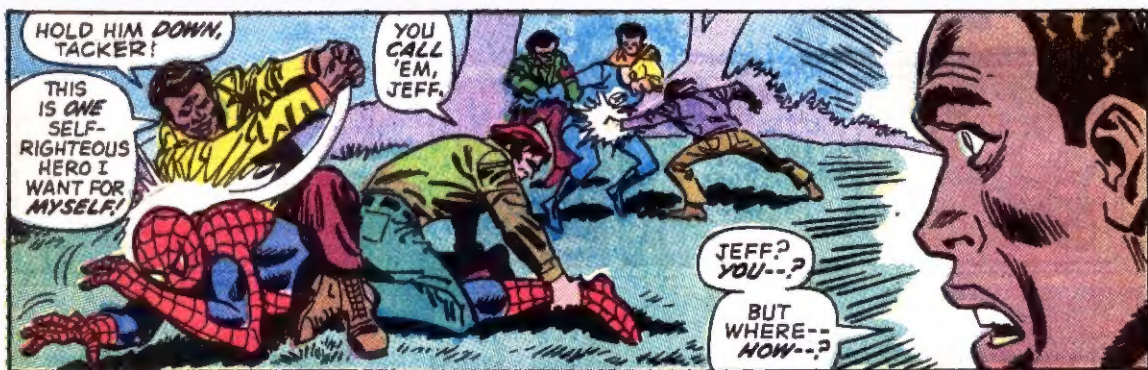
PERHAPS EVEN--  
OF UNCONSCIOUS  
HATE!



FOR WHO'S TO SAY WHAT FORM  
TODAY'S NIGHTMARES MAY TAKE--?

--WHETHER TOMORROW  
WE'LL SEE OUR FRIENDS  
AS FOES--

--BECAUSE THAT'S  
WHAT WE'VE BEEN  
TOLD--



HOLD HIM DOWN,  
TACKER!

THIS IS ONE  
SELF-  
RIGHTEOUS  
HERO I  
WANT FOR  
MYSELF!

YOU  
CALL  
'EM,  
JEFF.

JEFF?  
YOU--?

BUT  
WHERE--  
HOW--?



TOO LATE COME THE  
QUESTIONS--



--LIMP, IN THE GREEDY HANDS  
OF THE BATTLE-CRAZED MORBIUS!

JEFFEEEEEEE

HUH?



HOLD IT,  
MORBIUS.  
THAT'S MY  
BROTHER  
YOU'RE  
GRABBING.

HE'S NOT ONE OF  
THEM, MISTER.

NO? THEN  
WHAT IS HE,  
JEFFERSON  
BOLT?

DON'T  
YOU SEE?  
THEY'RE  
ALL ALIVE--





--AND NONE ARE WORTH THE SLIGHTEST REMORSE!



MEANWHILE...AND ALL TOO BELATEDLY...

FACE IT, KIDS: YOUR HEART'S NOT IN IT--

PLAY-TIME'S... OVER!



HMM...IT SEEMS THE ONE CALLED SPIDER-MAN HAS RALLIED!

PERHAPS THE TIME IS RIFE FOR MORBIUS TO DEPART...



...FOR, JUST NOW, I FEEL AN ODD SENSATION...

...ONE I NEED TO PONDER...

...A FEELING NOT UNLIKE... THE SUBTLE PAIN OF GUILT.



AND AS THE NEAR-MAD MORBIUS LEAPS AWAY, HIS MIND EXPLORING REGRETS SOON FORGOTTEN--

...SPIDEY DRAGS HIMSELF UPRIGHT, WONDERING, WONDERING--YET STILL BLINDLY UNAWARE OF HIS FEVER'S UNLIKELY ORIGIN--!



AND, AT THE CLEARING'S OTHER END...

HEY, BERT... LOOKIT THE MOON!

HOLY CRUD.

LET 'IM GO, FELLAS... LET 'IM GO.



THEY TURN, THEN, TO THE SOUND OF GENTLE SOBBING...AND THEY FEEL A CHILL, A SUDDEN AWARENESS OF THEIR OWN MORTALITY...

HE'S DEAD. HE WAS GONE FOR A MONTH...

...AND NOW HE'S GONE FOREVER. WHY? WHAT DID I DO WRONG?



I NEVER KNEW HIM, KID. BUT MAYBE IT WASN'T WHAT YOU DID WRONG THAT COUNTS, NOW...

...BUT WHAT YOU DID RIGHT...

...THAT MADE HIM, IN THE END, UNDERSTAND... WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MAN.

YOU KNOW, TORCH... THERE'S HOPE ...FOR YOU YET, OLD BUDDY.

TO BE CONTINUED!